RICHMOND WELLS:

OR,

Good Luck at Last.

A

COMEDY,

ACTED

Mr. PENKETHMAN'S

THEATRE

IN

RICHMOND.

By His Majesty's Servants.

Written by Mr. JOHN WILLIAMS

Indulge Veniam Pueris. Juv.

LONDON.

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THE PREFACE.

I SHOULD not have troubled the World with a Preface, nor indeed with the Play, had I not been induc'd thereto by the importunity of ſome Friends, who thought it neceſſary that I ſhould vindicate the following Scenes from the Miſmanagement they Labour'd under in their Preparation for the Stage, and the Injuſtice they ſuffer'd when brought upon it.

I ſhall not here deſcend to particular Reflections, that Part of the World which ſaw the Repreſentation will be able to Judge by the Reading how ſcandalouſly I was abus'd; I have not that aſſuming Vanity to eſteem my ſelf a Judge ſufficient to Talk ſo in Relation to the ACTION, *but where whole*

SPEECHES *were cut out, Acts left unfinish-ed, and that abſolutely in Contradiction to my earneſt Entreaty, I think deſerves no better Expreſſions.*

But the Injury thrown upon me, came not alone, elſe I had ſat down in Silence, but it brought with it a baſe Affront to that noble Aſſembly of Gentlemen and Ladies, who honour'd me with their Appearance, and who might with Reaſon expect a better Performance from his MAJESTIES *Servants.*

This I thought proper to Hint that the Actors *may know that they have the ſame Obligations of exerting their Faculties upon any other* Stage, *as well as that of* Drury-Lane.

And here the ſame Juſtice which urges me to Vindicate myſelf engages me to confeſs the Obligations I lie under to the incomparable Mr. MILLER, *with Pleaſure I ſpeak it that he added more Beauties than I imagin'd ſo mean a Part was capable of receiving, nor muſt I forget Mr.* WILLIAM WILLKS, *in whoſe Commendation, I believe every one will joyn with me when I ſpeak him Maſter of too much good Manners, not to know how far his Duty to his Country binds him whenever he is call'd upon to entertain her in his Profeſſion.*

I think

I think it a Duty likewise incumbent on me to thank Mrs. WETHERELT *for the industrious Care she took to render herself Mistress of her Part; how far she succeeded I shall not presume to determine, though I am of Opinion, that a Woman of her Skill and Penetration, might with great ease surmount so trifling a Difficulty; as for the other Woman I am a Stranger to her Merit, not having had her at any* Rehearsal, *nor ever seen her till about two Hours before she appear'd publickly in her Character; This Misfortune I must charge upon the Management, as likewise deficiency in the Musick, &c.*

Another Grievance, which forces me upon complaining, is this, That after having writ the Character of RANDOME, *for Mr.* PENKETHMAN, *(of whose Genius I had some Notion) that either he should be so destitute of good Nature, or I of good Fortune, as not to be able by any Arguments or Considerations, to gain him to Study and Perform it. I may be so bold to say, that had he oblig'd me so far, the Character, (without derogating from Mr.* SHEPHARD's *Deserts) would have appeared in a much greater Beauty.*

I have

I have been tedious, but I crave Leave for a Word or two more in relation to the PLAY; *I ſhall not go about to excuſe its Errors, as imagining it an endleſs Task; nor ſhall I preſume upon its Beauties, as not having Vanity to believe there are any thro' the whole. I humbly confeſs the Poverty of my Genius; all that I dare aſſume to my ſelf as meritorious is the ardour I have of ſerving my Country worthily; if I have failed of ſo doing, why* —— Ambitio Laus eſt: *But if this my firſt Endeavour gains an Acquittance, it will be an Encouragement ſome time or other, to preſent the World with what may be more worthy its Acceptance.*

THE

THE PROLOGUE,

By a Friend of the AUTHOR.

Spoken by *Mr.* W. WILKS.

TO laſh the Follies of a Senſeleſs Age,
For this the comick Writers deck'd the Stage.
Knaves, Bullies, Coxcombe, all the Herd they knew,
Of all Conditions were expos'd to View.
They ſhew'd the Dangers which the Vertuous fear,
And rous'd the Paſſions while they touch'd the Ear.

At awful diſtance, anxious for th'Event.
Our Author follows in the Steps they went.
In humble Language, and a ſuppliant Way,
Theſe Scenes He tells You are his firſt Eſſay.
Like Malefactors, at your Bar He ſtands,
And pleads for Candour with beſeeching Hands.
Fears in his Breaſt with hopes alternate glow,
He dreads the Sentence, which he longs to know.
Yet begs his Youth, Indulgence may obtain,
And ſave the tender Off-ſpring of his Brain.
By You encourag'd He at laſt may ſhine.
May ſmooth his Language, and his Thoughts refine.

But moſt, the beauteous Sex his Breaſt inſpire.
His Mind they brighten, and enlarge his Fire,
The Smiles they lend him will confirm delight,
And wing his Fancy to the nobleſt height.
Let Them with ſmiling Favours crown his Cauſe,
The Men in Complaiſance muſt joyn Applauſe.

Dram.

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr. *Randome*, An old hasty positive Country Gentleman, Father to *Belinda*. — Mr. *Shephard*.

Mr. *Loveworth*, A Gentleman in Love with, and beloved by *Belinda*. — Mr. *Char. Williams*.

Gaylove, His Friend. — Mr. *Wilks*, jun.

Cheatly, A notorious Sharper, and Suitor to *Belinda*, under the Character of Sir *William Wealthy*, encouraged by *Randome*. — Mr. *Oates*.

Tony Souscrown, A *Glocestershire* Squire. — Mr. *Miller*.

Robin, His Man — Mr. *Harper*.

Constable.

Two Sharpers.

Watermen, Dancers and Mob.

WOMEN.

Belinda, Daughter to Mr. *Randome*. — Mrs. *Morgan*.

Mrs. *Fainal*, Accomplice to *Cheatly*. — Mrs. *Wetherelt*.

SCENE, *Richmond* and the *Wells*.

RICH-

RICHMOND WELLS,

OR

Good Luck at Last.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A Chamber.

Loveworth, in his Gown, and Cap, to him enter Gaylove.

Gay. HE, fober *Loveworth*! for Shame, not dreſs'd yet?

Love. No *Gaylove*, 'tis you are the early Man, one generally ſees you before the Sun.

Gay. Then you ſee I'm a true Friend, and don't follow your Sunſhine.

Love. Prithee, *Gaylove*, Let me adviſe thee to leave off being a Wit, depend upon't, thou'lt get no Good by't.

Gay. And prithee *Loveworth*, in my Turn, let me adviſe thee to learn to be a Fool, that Fortune may uſe thee kinder.

Love. A Pox on Fortune, I loath her very mention. Since I ſaw her undiſtinguiſh'd Havock by the *South-Sea*, I have us'd her as *Marc Anthony* did the World; I have cloyſter'd my ſelf in a rural Retreat, and have learnt to ſcorn her here.

Gay. Ha, Ha, Ha! Pleaſant enough — but my dear miſtaken *Cynick*, thou might'ſt as well have ſought Solitude in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, and a Retreat from Folly at Court. — Why this is *Richmond*, — the admir'd *Richmond*, the frequented *Richmond*, — the Seat of Pleaſures, and Center of Delights, in a Word *Un petit Beau Monde*. Here Fortune keeps her Court, attended by her numerous Train of Gewgaws to catch the Ear and Eye. Here's Muſick, Balls, Walks, Dancing, Raffling, and to crown all, a Play-houſe. To this Place the City Wife confines her Adventures of four Months, and freely meditates on the forbidden *Callipædia*. Here the freſh furniſh'd Lawyer dedicates his long Vacation, till the welcome Horn ſummons him again to Commons; the buſie Jew forſakes even his Mammon for the Delights of *Richmond*; the Rakes run hither after the Billiard Ball, and the Town Miſs purſues her Cuſtlies hither. In ſhort, 'tis *Urbs in rure*, and yet thou talk'ſt of Solitude, Ha, ha, ha!

Love.

Love. 'Tis such to me *Gaylove*, 'tis true I taste those Pleasures, but as a virtuous Mind should do, as pleasing Recreations to Nature, not as destructive Ruin. I relish all the Diversions, but I court nothing but the fair *Belinda*.

Gay. Pleasant again, Ha, ha, ha! and she's a Woman, the most dangerous Instrument of Fortune.

Love. Ay, but the most true and constant of her Sex.

Oh! She has Truth beyond her blooming Beauty,
And Beauty far beyond the fairest She,
That ever Nature form'd.

Gay. Raptures *Loveworth*! Well, I'll excuse them, and allow her to be a Miracle in her Sex, but I dare assure you her Father is not so in his — there's a Storm gathering over your Head.

Love. Riddles, Prithee explain.

Gay. You remark'd *Cheatly* on the Green Yesterday.

Love. Ay, but the sight of a Sharper never alarms me; for as I think I have Discretion enough to foil their Attempts, so I have Confidence enough in my own Conduct to be wholly unconcern'd. But prithee unfold the Mystery that involves my *Belinda*'s Father!

Gay. You take me wrong *Loveworth* in relation to *Cheatly*, he affects you at present, in a different Manner from the rest of Mankind, In short, he and old *Randome* have form'd a Combination to rob you of *Belinda*.

Love. You stunn me.

Gay. In a wrong Season then, for you have most need of your Senses now, — To explain; This worthy Villain we are talking of, has assum'd to himself the Name of Sir *William Wealthy*, his Emissaries with which he is provided, report him to be a Gentleman upwards of Thirty Thousand Pounds Gainer by the *South-Sea*; the Rogue has equip'd himself nobly by the Product of half a dozen Lucky Mains, and you know Nature has furnish'd him with an Air and Assurance fit to carry on such a Design, so my Gentleman, conscious of his own Abilities, has taken a Trip to your rural Retreat; Ha, ha, ha!

Love. Raillery and *Bagatelle* apart, Dear *Gaylove* proceed.

Gay. To make short then, *Cheatly* finds all he can desire in *Belinda*, and her old Father all that he can wish for, in the fictitious Sir *William*, whose plausible Story has so entirely possess'd the old Man, that what with the one's Credulity, and the others Address, Matters wear as fair a Face towards Matrimony, as Success can give them.

Love. S'death, is it possible?

Gay. Yes Faith.

Love. I wonder *Belinda* should not give me Notice on't.

Gay. Faith that's not possible, for you must know, the Knight Errant having before form'd his Scheme, pretended to have come down to *Richmond* but as yesterday, alights me at old *Randome*'s Door, and applys to him for the Civility of being recommended to some Lodgings. The Yeoman proud of the

the Honour, entertains the Knight splendidly; Hospitality was the Word; and in the Afternoon the fair *Belinda*, according to her Province, presides at the Tea Table; the Knight is struck, his Condition declar'd, Proposals made, the Father consenting, and a Marriage agreed upon, when and where the Knight should think fit. — Old *Positive*, who is as stiff in his Humours as his Tory Principles, insisted upon his Daughter's Consent, and enjoyn'd her to keep it private from you, but being not willing to expose her Frailty in that Particular, took that precautionary Care to put it out of her Power to rid you of your Wonder.

Love. Dear unfortunate *Belinda* — Oh, Damn'd Inconstancy of Fortune!

Gay. Hold, hold my Philosopher — Poh! Poor, why you degenerate from *Mark Anthony* now, Ha, ha, ha! so unlucky and so strange an Accident! but prithee *Gaylove*, how camest thou so well acquainted with it?

Gay. Why Faith, by altogether as strange an Accident; walking a serious Turn or two, after you left the Green last Night, I met a Lady, whose Appearance at a distance promis'd well, but upon a nearer Approach, I knew her for Mrs. *Hainall*, who ran away from her Husband (with this *Clearly*) I conceal'd my Knowledge, and enter'd into some Discourse with her, she told me she was a Lady of Fortune, and Sister to Sir *William Wealthy*, who at first Sight had fallen in Love with Mr. *Rainlove*'s Daughter, and was

speedily to marry her. Faith, Sir, (replies she) I profess to thee, it was purely upon my Account that I engag'd in the Pursuit of this Secret, I therefore beg'd her, to a Discovery of the whole, but that Place being too public, we adjourn'd to the Tavern, where by the Strength of good Wine, and the Weakness of our Sex, I gain'd the Story which I have told you. Master of Love and Hope, and Heir to entirely possess my Soul, that it can take no Pleasure in Gratitude enough to thank you for it. But my Fair One, the Veracity of this Creature be depended on, you, Gay, I am all great Strangers to, that as you, but as this likely to be true, 'tis too great a Misfortune to be slighted; therefore, if I might advise, you should instantly go to the Father, and expostulate with him, by which means you will prevent the Fraud intended you, and save your Fortune from Ruin; if this Relation be false, why you'll be but where you were, and for my Affairs of Love. Dear Gaylove, my already Submission to your Advice, shall suppress my Resentment, I will instantly Dress and attend it, but let me beg the Favour of your Company. For next to the Felicity of conquering a Misfortune, none is equal to that of having a Friend to disburthen our Concern to. Pity my Condition Gaylove, and think how great a Shock it must be to have that Foundation shaken, wherein I had rais'd the Structure of all my future Happiness. Dissembled Love is base,

base, and beneath a Gentleman, and true Love is incompatible with Philosophy; for Nature cannot hide her Weakness, her outward Sighs will betray inward Grief.

Gay. Hold, —— preach another time —— now let's away, ha, ha! *Exeunt.*

Hurries him out.

ACT I.

SCENE II.

A Room in Mr. *Randome's* House.

Enter *Randome* and *Belinda*.

Belind. GOOD Sir, think better on't.

Rand. Lookee *Bell*, in few Words, I command your Obedience, I have perform'd my Part towards you; and I now expect you should answer me with a suitable Return of Duty.

Belind. Sir, I should with the utmost Pleasure embrace the Opportunity, were the Injunction but in the least Part reasonable; but in this Point, Love, Honour and Duty to your own former Commands, oblige me to withstand you.

Rand. Why, you bold Slut you, how the Devil came you to be Mistress of so much Reason — Well, and pray, does not the same Reason that learns you these Arguments, teach you likewise, that Obedience to a Parent ought to be the Prime Ruling Principle in a Child?

Belind. Undoubtedly Sir, where Duty does not clash with Honour.

Rand. Why, its very fine Madam — very fine faith — call me Fool to my Face — well Madam, and pray is it not possible that I should have as good Notions of Honour as you — adod, I think I have liv'd long enough

in

in the World — so long I'm sure to know, that Honour's like a Court Plot, nothing but talk; a Man that would succeed in this World, must learn to vary with the Wind, swear and forswear, promise and disappoint; and in short, learn to say and do any Thing.

Belind. Sir, I would not be so base to think your honest Nature e'er stoop'd to such vile Proceedings: No, Sir, I'm sure there's something nobler in your Breast, than what will suffer you to render me for ever miserable, to gratifie a sordid Appetite — Consider, Sir, I am your only Child — the foster'd Darling of your Age — can you then ever consent to yield me up to Ruin.

Rand. Ruin — Ruin — why did ever any Body hear a Girl talk so — why you bold ungrateful Hussy you, will a young Husband with thirty thousand Pound ruin you — ha — why this is all the Thanks I have — why he has thirty thousand Pounds Madam — think of that — thirty thousand Pounds.

Belind. Had he thirty times the Sum Sir, think not that Providence will bless him in it — Consider, whence he drew it from, the united Ruin of unthinking Thousands.

Rand. My Girl's certainly ruin'd, why I'll warrant her she's come now from reading some Tragedum Story or other, by her Discourse.

Belind. 'Tis the base flagitious Profit out of the South-Sea.

Rand. Why then 'tis the safer Madam, if it is out of the South-Sea 'tis the safer; but if you don't like his Money — he's a Knight Madam,

Madam, and ſo there's your dear Darling Honour for your Ladyſhip.

Belind. No, Sir, 'tis a wrong miſtaken Notion, true Honour conſiſts not in Titles, but in Virtuous Actions; not all the ſpecious gloſſary Forms that Gold can purchaſe, can clear the Taint of Guilt or enoble a Villain's Name; beſides, Sir, why ſhould you delight to urge me on ſo far; By Heavens! I ne'er can love this hated Man.

Rand. Oh! I'll warrant you, he's got a Receipt for that, *Bel.*

Belind. Think not, Sir, that all the Threats or Promiſes that Nature can deviſe, will ever make me change my plighted Love; No, Sir, my Heart is fix'd to *Lovewarth*, to him, whom firſt you order'd me to Love!

Rand. Ods daggers, I could almoſt find in my Heart to thump you, you bold Baggage. Why! what if I did command you to Love him, I now command you to Hate him, and Love Sir *William*; and the laſt Injunction ought to take Place Huſſy, I have provided better for you now — ods Heart, don't you provoke me farther — adod, if you do, you ſhall feel my Power.

Belind. But, Sir, conſider —

Rand. Again at your Conſiderations, bold Face — a fine Time indeed — Chickens feed Capons — Why pray Huſſy, do you conſider who I am, am I not your Father.

Belind. Yes, Sir —

Rand. Yes, Sir — well then, and may not I diſpoſe of you as I think fit, ha! or may not I chuſe whether ever I'll diſpoſe of you or

at no; ſure, I think you are entirely in my Power, therefore d'ye ſee be dutiful and complying as you ought to be, or ods Heart, you ſhall turn out.

Belind. I beg but that Sir; do Sir, reſign me to the wide World, to Beggary, to Want, to any Thing, rather than ſacrifice me to the Man I loath.

Rand. Yes, yes, Madam, I know that's what you want — you want but to be turned out of Doors, that you might Goſſip it away to your Fellow; but I'll prevent you Madam, I'll give you my Word I will, ſince you won't pleaſe me, I'll take care you ſhant pleaſe your ſelf.

Belind. I entreat you uſe me like a Child Sir, not a Slave.

Rand. When you know how to uſe me like a Father, Miſtreſs, I will — but till then I'll lock you up, and feed you with nothing but Chalk and Candles, till you leave this World in the green-Pip, and then you may lead Apes in the next —— I don't care what becomes on you not I — for I'm ſure you'l break my Heart: Oh! oh! oh! [*weeps.*

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, there's a Gentleman below calls himſelf Sir *William Wealthy.*

Belinda. [*aſide*] I find I cannot mollifie him by Entreaties, I muſt try ſome other Method, or I ſhall have my harſh Sentence put in Execution. Dreadful Lock and Key. He's grown too

too Cholerick for Reason —— I'll sooth him all I can, perhaps by that Means I may purchase an Opportunity of letting *Loveworth* know my Condition —— 'tis the only Method of Relief ——

Serv. Sir *William Wealthy* is below, Sir.

Rand. Sure I am the most unfortunate old Fellow breathing — have but one Child —— and she to take the only Method to break my Heart Oh! oh! oh!

Serv. Sir *William Wealthy*, Sir.

Rand. Bell, Bell — Dear *Bell* be good Natur'd, prithee be perswaded, do, pity thy poor Father, do *Bell* do — I have been a tender Father to thee — don't break my Heart, don't prithee now.

Belind. You'l break mine first Sir, to see you weep so, pray Sir be pacified, command me as you please.

Serv. Sir *William Wealthy* Sir.

Rand. Ha? what dost say my Chicken —— ar't in earnest — why now thou'rt my good Girl again.

Serv. Sir, I say again, and I have said it these four or five Times, that Sir *William Wealthy* has been below this quarterns Hour.

Rand. Ha —— what has Sir *William Wealthy* waited a Quarter of an Hour in my Hall —— I shall never forgive my self —— Why you Son of a Crab-tree, why did you not desire him to walk up —— oons know your Father you Dog, know your Father ——

Beats him I may be ruin'd by this Dog's neglect —— how shall I excuse it to Sir *William* — I'll go my self to usher him up

up —— Daughter, my Dear *Bell*, d' ye hear, do you prepare to receive him. *runs out.*

Belinda.

So I'm glad he's pacified —— he will not ſurely be ſo haſty to marry me theſe two or three Days, and by that Time I hope I ſhall find Means of Writing to *Loveworth* —— Ay, but if he ſhould *Belinda*? Why let the worſt happen, I can lay hold of the firſt duſky Evening, and ſhew Dad a fair Pair of Heels for't. 'Tis neceſſary therefore to keep him free from Suſpicion, and ſo far my preſent Conduct will be juſtifiable; but here they come.

Enter Randome *and* Cheatly *diſguis'd, bowing affectedly.*

Cheat. Credit me Mr. *Randome*, I am your moſt obſequious Slave's Slave.

Rand. Oh Lord, Sir, I promiſe and vow you girt me as tight to your Honour's Service, as a Saddle to a Horſe's Back.

Cheat. Sir, you lay a Load of Obligations upon me, as heavy and as high as the Monument.

Rand. Dear Sir, your Honour buries me under a *Richmond-Hill* of Favours; but there's my Daughter, Sir.

Cheat. *Such was* Philoclea, *such* Muſidorus
Such chearful Modeſty, ſuch humble State (Flame
Moves certain Love, but with a doubtful Fate.

Pardon, dear Creature, the Omiſſion of my Eyes: Love, to render me entirely like himſelf, depriv'd me of their Uſe.

Rand. Ods heart there again — well, he's a delicate Man, he has a wonderful many of theſe fine Sayings — ods Daggers, he makes one have high Diſcourſe whether one will or no — but now what ſays my *Bell* —

Belind. 'Twould be ill Manners to doubt, and I fear, Indiſcretion, ſo ſoon to truſt your Gallantry; but however, Sir, I ſubmit my ſelf to my Father's Will; whatever has the Happineſs to pleaſe him, will meet with no Repulſe from my Approbation.

Rand. Why, that's my Bonny Laſs again. Ho, ho, ho, — Ods daggers Sir *William*, ſhe is, muſt, and ſhall be yours — that is if you pleaſe to accept of her, I'll ſend a Brace of Thouſands to make her welcome, and when I have given her that, I don't care how ſoon I call her my Lady *Wealthy*, Ho! ho!

Cheat. And I dont care how ſoon I make my ſelf Wealthier, by ſo welcome an Addition [*Aſide*] — I'm ſure Madam, you'l have no Reaſon to repent your Father's Choice, for I'll love you Madam, as well as moſt Men do their Wives (that is not all) [*Aſide*] or rather, as moſt Men do their Miſtreſſes; that is, ſuperabundantly. You ſhall be Madam, my Diamond in the Ring, my loveliest Deer

in

in the Park, the Temptation of the King's Drawing Room, and the Fruition of my own.

Rand. That's fine again, Ods heart, very fine Faith —— now *Bell*, now, what won't you answer Sir *William* my Girl, ha?

Belind. Sir, I want Words to do it as I ought.

Rand. Doſt thou ſo my Girl —— why then ods heart I'll do it for thee —— now for a fine Speech —— now for it, if I han't forgot all my Breeding, —— a hem —— ahem —— Sir *William* —— ahem Sir *William* —— Sir *William* —— Sir *William* ——

Cheat. Is bound by Mr. *Randome's* Shoeſtrings.

Rand. Ods daggers that Speech has ſet me on again, for I was at a Paltry Stand before Faith —— Sir *William* I don't know how to make a worthy Recompenſation for the Honour done to my ſelf by your Condeſcenſion, much more rub off what is ſcor'd up on my Daughter's Account; but as I have exerted my Authority in the Diſpoſal of her Perſon, I hope, that my Endeavours will find a favourable Acceptance at the Hands of your Benignity.

Cheat. How Mr. *Randome*! was not the fair *Belinda* willing then, to be thus honour'd, that you ſtrain'd your Authority.

Rand. Ods daggers *Bell* doſt hear, I muſt not for the World let him know your Backwardneſs, That would affront him for ever —— Ods heart, your Honour not willing —— adod but ſhe

was tho' —— she was joyful, nay Faith, overjoy'd —— She was as glad of it —— as glad of it, as she us'd to be of going to *Punchkethman's* Booth at *Bartholomew-Fair*, or as she is now of going to his Play-House when he pleases to entertain us —— 'Tis true indeed, Sir *William*, there was a sort of a Lover at first in the Way; but be that as 'twill, my Daughter was resolved not to be wanting when she could dispose of her self so much for the better.

Cheat. Bright Excellency, O! teach me to deserve this Goodness (S' Death) if this Rival should hear of me, he would be too busie against my Plot: For my Security, Egad, I must be expeditious, or all will be rum'd. [*Aside.*] Mr. *Random*, you must give me Leave to urge Dispatch in my Affair, my Peace is on the Rack till this Fair Lady's mine; I scarce can think my self born for the Happiness of obtaining the incomparable *Belinda*: That ill natur'd Thought conjures up a Thousand Fears, lest some Accident should intervene —— and blast my Hopes.

Rand. Dear Sir *William*, you rate me too much, — Oh happy *Random*! Od's heart Sir *Bell's* in as much Haste as you are.

Belind. That's a Mistake of yours, Old Gentleman. [*Aside.*

Rand. And adod, I'm with Child my self till I see it done, but a Pics on't, there's a great Match at Bowls to be to Day, and I'm sore afraid, we shan't be able to get our Curate off the Green. —— But if your Honours Mind continues as now, to morrow——

Ad's

Ad's daggers, we'll wear out the Bell Ropes, and get drunk with Sack Poſſet.

Belind. Heavens forbid ſo ſoon. [*Aſide.*

Cheat. The ſooner the better, Mr. *Randome*, — my Writings are ready at any time for your Security.

Rand. O dear Sir, as I hope for a good Harveſt, you wrong me to think I would deſire any.

Cheat. Your Compliment is obliging, but my Proffer is neceſſary, for the World is throng'd with Cheats, from the Lord in Robes to the Tatterdemallion.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Mr. *Loveworth* and another Gentleman deſire to be admitted.

Rand. Ads daggers, Sir *William*, that is the very Rival I was talking of I won't ſee him — no, I believe I muſt not ſee him, ha! what ſay'ſt thou *Bell.*

Cheat. The Rival. Death if he enters, I'm diſcover'd, I muſt prevent it. [*Aſide.*

Belind. See him, Sir, ay, by all Means, common Decency requires it at your Hands, (pray Heaven he may) [*Aſide.*

Cheat. Mr. *Randome*, let the Gentleman be admitted, 'tis probable, after a firſt Sight, I may know him elſewhere, and I ſhan't ſtudy long for an Opportunity of deſerving your fair Daughter.

Rand. Odſo, Do'ſt hear *Bell*? That's as much as to ſay, he'll take an Opportunity to

to cut his Throat, he shan't come in—— he shan't come in Faith; Sir *William*'s a shrewd Man at Backsword, I know by his Discourse. No, no, he shan't come in Faith—Harkee, you did not tell the Gentlemen I was at Home.

Serv. Yes, I did Sir.

Rand. Why, a Pox take you then Sir—Why, then pray Sir, go and tell them a Lie now, and say you told them one before—Go you Dog, go. *Exit Servant.*

Cheat. Lucky Turn. *Aside.*

Belind. Unhappy Accident. *Aside.*

Rand. May a poor Farmer, Sir *William*, hope for the Honour of your good Company to Dinner?

Cheat. Your Mirth must excuse my ill Manners. I came this Morning, like the *Persian*, but to worship my Rising Sun, and to beg the Favour of yours, and this Lady's Company to the Wells at Night. I insist upon your Compliance, and now having finish'd my Devotion, and offer'd up my Heart at this Shrine of Beauty, I humbly take my Leave.

Rand. Odsheart, that's fine again, very fine Faith. *Belinda*, retire Child. I'll wait on Sir *William* to the Gate. *Exit, Belinda.*

Cheat. Mr. *Randome*, you shan't stir an Inch, indeed Sir.

Rand. Od's daggers, not stir, —— not stir, —— Why, you make me mad Sir, and

and as a Proof on't, I'll ſputter you out a little Poetry. Not ſix Quotha.

Tho' this good Houſe ſhould fall upon me thwack,
Yet like a Snail, I'd ſtraw with't on my Back.
For ſure, Sir William, *too much can't be done*
By ſuch a Dad *as I, to ſuch a* Son.

Exeunt ambo.

The End of the First Act.

ACT II.

SCENE I.

The Street before the Dog.

Enter Cheatly *and Mrs.* Fainall, *a Servant waiting behind.*

Cheat. IN a Word, my Girl, I have ſo far ſucceeded, that I think it beyond the Power of Fortune to give me any Diſturbance, ſo entirely has my Management in this Affair, poſſeſs'd the old Man to imagine me really to be what I only ſeem.

Fain. But does the Lady raiſe no Objections.

Cheat. No Faith, ſo far from it, that tho' ſhe ſeems to be Miſtreſs of Diſcretion enough in other Points, ſhe appears ſtupid in this. She minds not in the leaſt my Addreſſes, yet pays an unconcern'd Obedience to her Father's Will; but let the reſt paſs. Her Two Thouſand Pound, paid down on the Nail, will ſupport us ſome time, my Girl, in the Heigth of Pleaſure; will Rig us gallantly, and make us Company for my Lord's and my Lady's. For Money is Merit, as the World goes now: We'll troul it to *Tunbridge*, trip it to the *Bath*, ſpur it to *New-Market*, and rattle to *Bellſize*; We'll fly amongſt all the gaudy Flowers, and we'll ſuck

ſuck their Honey too; we will, my Laſs of Life, we'll chouſe them, we'll cozen them, my *Didapper*, yet keep our Countenance as firm as their Tradeſmen. Your ſolid cheating Coward perhaps would preach Conſcience, but we'll uſe that, my Sprig of Pleaſure, as the Lawyers do, that is, not uſe it at all. But how go thy Affairs, my Match for *Machiavel*?

Fain. Not quite ſo proſperouſly as yours, — I want Game, I can find none here, but Lawyers Clerks, and City Prentices; and they are to me, like Minnows to an Angler, more Plague than Prize. Now and then indeed, I may meet with a Sniff-neck'd Jew, or puritanical *Gentile*, but there's no Gain to be work'd out of them; they are as cloſe as a Parſon's Ear to a Beggar, or a great Man's Purſe to a juſt Debt. In ſhort, were it not out of Complaiſance to your good Fortune, I ſhould be ſick of this Place, ſince I cannot meet with any Tools fit to put my Contrivance in Execution upon: Indeed, laſt Night, I lighted upon a Spark, whoſe Humour and Appearance, proclaim him a Prize, and I'll attack him with all my Cunning. But I'll prove him one; let me ſee, I muſt contrive ſome Scheme to engage him again to Night.

Cheat. Succeſs attend you, but I muſt take my Leave, or we ſhall be obſerv'd. — Hold, on I'm miſtaken, yonder comes Booty, Girl.

Fain. Where, which Way?

Cheat. Yon Ruſtick.

Fain.

Fainall. With me Joy *Cheatly*; he comes the moſt opportunely poſſible, your Country Chaps, are generally the moſt profitable Cullys, and eaſieſt wrought on, for they have leaſt Wit and moſt Money. He ſeems to be juſt alighted too, if ſo, I have an excellent Plot, which ſeems as if it were calculated for him. If I ſucceed in my Attempts, I'm bound for *Wild-ſtreet*, for I deſign to bilk theſe Lodgings; ſo when your Buſineſs is done, you'll know where to find me.

Cheat. Madam, your moſt humble Servant.

Fain. Sir *William*, ſhall I borrow your Servant for a Minute, I ſee a Relation of mine coming this Way?

Cheat. For an Age Madam, if you pleaſe.—*Tom*, attend the Lady. [*Exit Cheatly.*

Fain. Sir *William*, your moſt humble Servant.

Enter Souſetrown, followed by Robin, with a Portmantua.

Souſet. Set it down here *Robin*, I'le watch it, and do you ta' the Horſes into the *Dy*, and ſee 'em well ta'en Care of.

Rob. Yes Sir. [*Exit Robin, having laid down the Portmantua.*

Souſet. Well, thick Same is a pretty Place, Look, zure, I do think, I'ſe gatten into little *Lunnun* again.

Fain. Is't poſſible?

Souſet. Anan, Forſooth, — what I pray?

Fain.

Fain. It must be so, — pray Sir, shall I beg the Favour of your Name?

Souſcr. My Name, Forſooth, — truly it be none of the beſt, no, nor Iſe be not ashamm'd an't neither; Iſe nea proud Fellow; but yet Iſe an honeſt One.

Fain. Pardon me Sir! I queſtion it not, but my Reaſons for this Impertinence are very prevalent; therefore, I once more beg the Favour of your Name.

Souſcr. Why, Lookee, Forſooth, my Name is *Tony Souſcrown*, Eſq; and I care not who knows it; only Son of Sir *Timothy Souſcrown* of *Shallow-Hall*, in *Comitatu Gloſterſhire*, *Baronita*.

Fain. 'Tis he, — 'tis he, — Ah! Dear Brother, how do you do?

Souſcr. You be miſtaken, Forſooth, Iſe nea Brother o' yours, Haw'd'ee.

Fain. How! Not my Brother! — You Joke ſure, — Ah! You'll never leave off your bantering. But did you never hear Sir *Timothy*, and my Lady Mother, talk of me.

Souſcr. S'Fleſh, not I! Never in aw my Life. But how a Murrain, ſhou'd you knaw my Mother were a Lady?

Fain. Why, becauſe ſhe is my Mother too, —; but I don't wonder at that indeed, Sir *Timothy* and we all agreed to keep it private from you, for ſome time; and then, on a ſudden, to ſurprize you with a Siſter, which you never dreamt on.

Souſcr. O Lud! Oh Lud! Who could ever have thought my Vether cou'd ha' been zuch a zly old Dog? — Ah, Murrain, on-

en.

Tony. Why, And are you really my Zuzter?

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! Ay, indeed am I, Mr. *Tony*, as sure as you are my Brother; I knew you as soon as ever I saw you, and could not help discovering my self. Since I have gone so far then, I'll up and tell you the whole Truth. You must know, I left *Shallow-Hall*, when you was about Ten Years old, and was sent up to Town on purpose to deceive you, to be brought up by an old rich Aunt, my Mother's Sister; I suppose you never heard of her neither.

Sausser. No, by my Fackins not I! Ise certainly break the au'd Fools Head, when I get into the Country again, for keeping me so long in Ignorance, like a fine Lady as you bin, my Zister, and I not knaw it: But pray what may be your Name?

Fain. My Name, why my Mother's, Sir.

Sausser. How! *Margery*; What knaw her Name to be *Madge*; why thick is certainly true then.

Fain. True, why you don't think Brother I would impose upon you? Fie, fie, I wonder at you. Well, and how do all Friend do, Brother?

Sausser. Thankee, Ziftur *Madge*; Uncle *Tom*'s varry well, and so ben Cousin *Wisewit*'s Family, at this present Writing, thank be to Marcy, and so be old Nurse *Susan*, she cry'd mainly when I com'd up to Tawn, poor old Soul! I suppose you remember her; she said she were afraid, she should never see poor Maister *Tony* again.

Fain.

Fain. Did ſhe indeed, poor dear *Suſan*? Well, ſhe is a merry old Heart; ſhe took care of me in the Small-Pox.

Souſecr. A fleſh, ſhe hates your kikſhaw Noculations.

Fain. Why, and did you never hear her name me?

Souſecr. Yes, a Murrain take her, I do remember it now, ſhe oftens talk'd to me of one Madge; but ſhe ſaid you were an old Witch. O Zuſtur! ſhe have a ſpecial many Stories about Witches.

Fain. Sir *Timothy* bid her tell you ſo (I need not have wiſh'd for a Ten-times greater Fool) but how came you on this Side the Country?

Souſecr. Why by my Fackings, Zuſtur, Iſe had as good tell you the Truth at firſt, you'l hear it all elſe when you go down to *Shallow-Hall*. Why, Vether, gives it out indeed, that Iſe com'd up to *Lunnon* to travel and zee the World; but the Truth is, I ha gotten a Little one there; nay, dona laugh at me Zuſtur, by our Parſons Daughter. The Doctor would fain make me marry her, but Vether has ſent me out of the Way, and promiſes to have the Brat overlain in a Fortnight's Time, and then I may go home again.

Fain. O rare Brother *Tony*! I ſee you will be unlucky ſtill.

Souſecr. Nay Zuſtur, by my Fackings, it were none of my Fault, ſhe were all ways a bold Baggage, and Iſe oftens told her ſo, la you Zuſtur, ſhe would ha taen me into the Fields, and a pull'd me down on a Hay Cock, and a cry'd, come Maiſter *Tony*, do, do; but

I never did but once, and then I believe, I were either mad or bewitch'd.

Fain. Well, but come Brother, I ſuppoſe you are a Stranger here, and unprovided of a Lodging, you ſhall go home with me to mine; you're tir'd perhaps with Riding, my Servant ſhall carry your Portmantua — here carry this to my Lodgings, and let it be taken care of — come Brother. [*Exit Servant.*

Sollcer. S' fleſh Zuſtur, I dona care an I do, I dona like your Inns much, we can live Jovially together; Iſe gotten a pretty little Crop there, Vether bid me want for Nothing, tho' 'tis moſt my own that I wond at Cocking; but Iſe never forgive his not letting me know you were my Zuſtur.

Fain. O you muſt not bear Malice Brother *Tony.* [*Exit.*

Enter Loveworth *and* Gaylove.

Love. S' Death, to be forbid Entrance, denied Admittance, debarr'd his Speech; nay, his very Sight, and that ſo palpably informs me that the Villain has ſucceeded, and my worſt Fears are true.

Gay. Faith, *Loveworth*, to think otherwiſe would be too groſs a Contradiction to Reaſon: Hang him an old ill bred Brute, he deſerves not ſuch a Son-in-Law; let him be trick'd, but do thou Emulate Antiquity — Prithee forget the Folly of thy Fondneſs, drive all his Daughter from thy Breaſt, and ſcorn the Tyranny of the Blind Diminitive Cupid, as heartily

heartily as thou would'ſt to flinch a Ball, or turn thy Heel on an Aſſembly.

Love. Thou art of a happy Temper *Gayloue*, that canſt turn the moſt ſerious Conſiderations of Life, into Mirth and Ridicule; Faith, I cannot purchaſe Happineſs at that Rate, for tho' I am no whining Romantick Lover, yet I am ſo Juſt, as to place an entire Eſteem wherever I offer Pretenſions. 'Tis true indeed, I could live without *Belinda*, and 'tis probable, Time might eraſe her Memory, and cure my Indiſpoſition; but I proteſt to thee, *Gayloue*, I could tread the Path of Life with a Beatifick Pleaſure, and ſtep down to old Age with a Placid Contentment, were but the fair *Belinda* deſtin'd to be my ſweet Companion: Though I could ſurvive her Loſs, yet it would ſorely grate the Tranquility of my Mind, to ſit tamely by, and ſee her ſwallow'd up in Ruin; Humanity commands me to aſſiſt even a Stranger in ſuch Circumſtances, much more the Woman I Adore.

Gay. But I humbly conceive, Humanity means, when it lies in your Power, which as I take it Mr. *Moraliſt*, is quite wide of the preſent Caſe. Her Father has once denied to ſee or hear you, and I believe you may as ſoon expect the Downfal of Hoop-Petticoats, and the Payment of the Nation's Debts, as that ever *Sixty Four* ſhould change its Reſolution.

Love. What hinders then, but that I may undeceive him by a Letter? Sure that may gain Admittance.

Gay. True it may: But the Question is, Whether he is to be undeceived or no? 'Tis more than probable the Enemy's Industry has prejudic'd his Belief against the Truth; or if it should succeed, the Adversary's being on the Spot, will undoubtedly furnish him with Means to maintain his Station; and when your last Hope's gone, what Remedy then, Sir? Faith, I can see none, but Toasting her Health in a Bumper of Styx Water; *id est*, *le Jus de Ruisin*, Burgundy, Burgundy Man.

Love. You Sketch out only the gloomy Prospect —— Fortune may be kinder, and 'tis but just to try.

Gay. Without my Envy, I'll assure you, Sir, according to my Notion, 'tis like a Man throwing in a Lottery, where there are all Blanks and no Prizes: If you fail, you'l be a Sufferer by your own Account; and if you succeed, Egad, you'l be so by mine, you'l be loaded with a Wife, my Friend, a Wife, and be distinguish'd from all the free, generous Steeds that feed upon the Common, by the matrimonial Clog round your Leg, Ha, ha, ha! S' Death Matrimony, seven Pence a Day and no Winter Quarters first.

Love. Why thou turn'st Apostate, *Gaylove*!

Gaylove. I would be so in Love, Man. I admire a free Woman, and Egad, I'm sure I should hate my self in Fetters. Call me Atheist, give me but Liberty to laugh at thy Bigotry. I'll engage all the wise Heads in *Warwick Lane* can't prove mine a less Frenzy, than mine. I prefer the charming Freedom, whereby I can indulge the other Pleasures of

Life

Life without a Domeſtick Call to Repentance. Come, come, and thou ſhalt be free too Man *(Hippo avaunt)* live High, drink Deep, and I'll warrant thee Sure, if Death, every Wiſe Philoſopher was cheat'd with a Grape Stone, and the Devil muſt be in't, if we cant drown this blind Baſtard in a whole Flask of the Juice. Come, come, thou ſhalt wade through the Red Sea of Claret to the Land of Liberty.

Love. Dear *Gaylove*, I'm a Debtor to your Argument; but I could never purchaſe Liberty by that Method. I love Mirth, and admire its Fountain, good Wine, whilſt Reaſon tells me 'tis good; but when the Rebellious Slave would ſcatter Intoxication, I exert my Manhood in Defence of my Reaſon, and daſh the aſpiring Glaſs into a numberleſs Nothing.

Gaylove. I find *Loveworth*, all good Counſel is thrown away upon thee. Why, thou art perfectly inſipid, or to ſpeak the ſignificant Language of us Licentiates, thou art a muzzy Fellow. Egad, I'll propoſe but one more Remedy to you, *Probatum eſt*, Faith, Poiſon expells Poiſon; get another Miſtreſs.

Love. This is all but Folly, *Gaylove*, Prithee now aſſiſt me with thy Advice. Be ſerious and find ſome Method, if poſſible, whereby I may ſee or ſend to *Belinda*. I thank the Endeavours of thy Wit to divert me, but the Cauſe muſt be remov'd, or no Cure can be effected.

Enter Robin.

Robin. Well, Ise putten 'em up, and rub'd them dawn Maistre.

Gaylove. What the Devil have we got here, prithee laugh a little now *Lovemorth.*

Robin. Maister, Maister — Ha — S' flesh where's Maister gone, Oh Lud Maister *Tony*, Maister *Tony* — Oh Lud! Oh Lud! where bin Maister *Tony* gone!

Lovemorth. This is Ridiculous indeed *Gaylove*, Ha, ha, ha!

Robin. La ye now, where shall Ise find Maister *Tony* again; Maister, Maister, why Maister *Tony*, S' flesh Ise a Stanger here, and Ise knaw not how I shall find him out — Ise e'ne ask every one I meet — pray ye Gemmen dud you seen my Maister.

Gaylove. Ha, ha, ha thy Maister, Booby, prithee now who is thy Maister.

Robin. Why young Squire *Tony Sowsecrown*, a'nt like your Worship. Ise left him here just now whileft I put up the Horses, here i'th Dug, and a Murrain on him he's gone awa, and I dona knaw where to find him.

Gaylove. S' flesh good Man, mayhap he may be gone to seek Lodging for the Asses. I'd have thee bray aloud, that he may know thee by thy Cry.

Robin. Than kee Zur, Ise gang toward the Tawn, and do as you bad me — Oh Lud! if I can but find 'en again: Ise Squire *Tony's Man Robin*, *Robin.* [*Exit.*

Love-

Loveworth. Gaylove, a ſudden Thought has this Inſtant inſpir'd me — I perceive thou canſt Mimick the Dialect, thou ſhalt aſſume his Dreſs, and by that Diſguiſe, find Means to convey a Letter for me to *Belinda*. Dear Friend, deny me not, we'll think further as we go; but let us Inſtantly follow this Fellow, a ſmall Spell of Money will induce him to change his Cloaths, and b freely commit the Succeſs to thy Dexterity. This tranſporting Thought convays a rapid Hurry to my Soul; each active Faculty purſues the Fair *Belinda's* Name, and diſclaims a Moment's Pauſe — Whilſt you prepare the Fellow and your Self, I'll write a Letter.

Aſſiſt, my Faithful Cauſe, auſpicious Love,
And conſtant, as my Flame, let Fortune prove.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Randome's* House.

Enter *Cheatly*, *Randome* and *Belinda*.

Cheat. Well then Mr *Randome*, if your good Nature can excuſe my Impatience, and not Account it ill Manners, I ſhall eaſily pardon my ſelf the Repeating of my Viſit ſo ſoon, eſpecially ſince I have Leave to hope it is not diſagreeable to the beautiful *Belinda*.

Belind.

Bellin. Nothing can be ſo Sir *William*, that Duty recommends, and Thanks to my Father's Tuition; I know its Priviledges.

Rand. Yes, yes, Sir, I *Bell*'n a good Girl, a very good Girl, Faith; and I do not doubt but to be very happy in her; and as for your Honour's Impatience, ods daggers, I like it, I like it mightily, adod I do, it ſhows you to be a Man of Fire and Spirit, and not like moſt of our Money Mongers now a Days, compounded of nothing but Pride and Laziness. Ods heart, Sir *William*, by the Carriage of ſome of them, you'd ſwear Money were a Plague, they no ſooner have it, than it deprives them of the Uſe of their Limbs or Senſes.

Cheat. Ha, ha, ha! Your Satyr is very merry, but very true Mr. *Randome*.

Rand. True, Sir, true; ods heart I'll kiſs the Book on't, 'tis as true, as that a red Sky betokens Wind; or a good Crop of Nuts, a plenty of Baſtards! Why, ye ſhall have an upſtart Fellow, think himſelf too great to buckle his own Shoe, though not long ago he was forc'd to clean his Maſters; nay, I my ſelf have ſeen ſome that have kept their Coaches, loll in them as Lazily, as if they imagin'd their chief Uſe were to ſleep in.

Cheat. Right, Mr. *Randome*; but ſhould I be the happy Man, I dare aſſure you, you match not your Daughter to a Court Drone, that has ſhook Hands with Time, and ſcorns his Acquaintance; one who is ſo taken up with his Valet, the Chocolate Houſe, the

Ordinary, the Tavern, the Play-House, the Drawing-Room and his Whore, that he neither knows what Time or Money he ſpends.

Rand. Aye, Sir *William*, Fellows that have an Ambition to nothing.

Cheat. But what is worſe than Nothing, to viſit every Horſe Race, to praiſe Creeping Molly, to be intimate in the Stews, and be publickly Fond of a kept Miſtreſs; that commences Rake to humour the Age for a — laſs; the more Atheiſtical, the more Modiſh; Lewdneſs now is accounted Reputable, and Impiety a Thing to be bragg'd off.

Rand. Oh Lud, O Lud! what will this wicked World come to. Ods heart *Bell*, doſt hear my Chuck; why does not thy Hair ſtand an End? Does not thy Blood run cold, Girl, — ah, I have made a happy Choice for thee, Sir *William* is a Gentleman that knows and deſpiſes all theſe Enormous Practices.

Belind. If you think ſo, Sir.

Rand. Aye, I know you will too, thou art a good Girl, a very good Girl, Faith! but pray Sir *William*, don't you think all this proceeds from Lazineſs.

Cheat. Undoubtedly Mr. *Randome*. And had I purſued ſuch Methods, I had not been this Day Sir *William Wealthy*; but I buſtled, and Fortune paid me for my Labour. I give out I am worth no more than thirty thouſand Pound, becauſe I would not be obliged to make a publick Reſtitution of what my Induſtry deſerv'd; but I have ſomething more to comfort old Age, and keep away Sorrow.

Rand.

Rand. Ods daggers, *Bell* hearſt thou that? Why we are happier and happier. Sir *William*, you are a Gallant Man, and — and — and I don't know how to expreſs my Reſpect to you. Ods daggers, I — I — I wiſh I had fifty Daughters for you; but alaſs, I have but one —— alackaday but one — but take her tho' — take the Will for the Deed, Sir *William* do —— do take my *Bell*, and ſound her ——

Belind. Sir *William* may ſpare himſelf that Trouble, my Wiſhes chime with yours.

Cheat. My Ears, dear Madam, ring with Joy, to hear you ſay ſo.

Rand. But what ſhall I do when *Bell's* gone, — alackaday! when my Girl's gone. why then I may e'en go ſwing in a Bell Rope. I ſhall have no Body then to cut my Corns, or comb my Hair — no Body to look out the Prayers at Church for me — no Body to gild my Laurel or Oak for my Hat — no Body to pin my Roſe in my button Hole —— no, I ſhall certainly grow a Heathen then — Oh Lud, I can't endure the Thought. Sir *William*, Sir *William*, though you do marry my Daughter, ods Daggers, you muſt live with me here; Faith, you muſt dye here.

Cheat. If the Fair *Belinda* pleaſes, I promiſe you Mr. *Randome*, when I'm married, *Virgo* ſhall entirely have the Aſcendant.

Rand. If ſhe pleaſes — why then 'tis done — thou wilt not leave thy Father *Bell*, wilt thou? Don't leave thine own Daddy *Bell*, prithee dont — odds Daggers, I ſhall have ſome Pragmatical Juſtice o' the Peace perſuade me

me to be a Whig, and tell me, I'm Forſworn, if thou art not here to eaſe my Conſcience, and ſtrengthen me by thy Arguments; and could'ſt thou ever endure to have thy Father turn Whig, *Bell*, Ha?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir There's a Fellow clamouring without, he ſays he has loſt a young Hawk in our Wilderneſs, and deſires Leave to look for it.

Rand. Loſt a Hawk — Why, who the Devil is he.

Serv. I don't know, Sir, but he makes a hugeous Noiſe.

Rand. Does he ſo? Why then let him come hither. [*Exit Servant, and re-enters with*

Gaylove *in* Robin's *Cloaths.*

Gay. Iſe never dare ſee Maiſter's Face again, Oh, oh, oh, oh!

Rand. What's the Matter Fellow, what would'ſt have here?

Gay. So pleaſe you, Sir, as I were walking along by your Wall, a young Hawk, that Iſe held on my Fiſt, took a Flight into your Copice, and I would beg the Freedom to go zearch for 'en, for an he ſhould be loſt, Maiſter would be cruel curſt, and angry wi' ma —— I ſhall certainly miſcarry, ſhe ſtands ſo unconcern'd. [*Aſide.*

Rand.

Rand. Why, who is thy Master then, Fellow, he?

Gay. Sir *Charles Sportall*, an like you, lately come to his Estate. He that keeps the Sett of long tail'd Greys, and always drives them himself; he shall fling you a Whip and turn a Post with ere a He that wears a Head.

Rand. Sportall — *Sportall* — do you know him, Sir *William*?

Cheat. He that married Miss *Figg*, the Grocer's Neice, because she could drink Brandy with him — Hah — still unconcern'd, S' Death, I must find some Means to speak to her [*aside.*

Rand. Ods daggers, a merry Match, Faith! — but what, does thy Master value the Hawk, or is he very Cholerick, that thou art so concern'd?

Gay. Yes Zir, Maister loves the Bird mainly; but he is not much subject to the Colick; he has varry good Health, thank Marcy.

Cheat. Ha, ha, ha! This Fellow's Ignorance is diverting, Mr. *Randome.*

Rand. Faith, I think so too, Sir *William*, Ho, ho, ho! Why you addleheaded, Son of a Cuckcow, I ask'd if your Master were a very passionate Man? I didn't enquire after his Health, you Whelp.

Gay. A Pox of the Window, I shall never make her look this Way [*aside* — Cry your Mercy, Sir, Ise but a poor simple Fellow, a poor Servant; but Maister be a varry hasty Mon; but now an Bird be loft, hee'll have no manner of Patience.

Rand.

Rand. Aye, I ſuppoſe, thy Maſter is one of our Country Rakehells, that will never make two Wants of one, as the Saying is, that can give the Cry, as well as the Huntſman.

Gay. Aye S' Fleſh, can he Zir.

Rand. That can ſtand *March* Beer beyond ere one i'the Pariſh.

Gay. Except Maiſter Curate, I grant you Sir, and he has nothing elſe to do but qualifie himſelf.

Cheat. Ha, ha, ha! merry enough.

Rand. That loves his Cock, Dogs and Horſes, as well as he does his Father's Grave, or his Steward's Company, juſt after Quarter Day; he's a precious Fellow I warrant him, very precious Fellow; but Prithee, what is the peculiar Excellence of this Bird —— has it a fine Feather?

Gay. Noa Sir, 'tis no fine Feather —— and yet 'ris a handſome Bird too —— 'tis o' th' Colour of — I don't know what — of — of thick ſame Part of Madam's Gown. (ſhew not the leaſt Surprize Madam, this Letter from Mr. *Loverworth*, will inform you all. I'll Loiter here for an Anſwer) thick ſame part, Sir; but that is not the chief Thing, Sir, you mun know be a High Church Bird.

Gives to Belinda *and gives her a Letter.*

Rand. A High Church Bird, Ha, ha, ha!

Belind. Is't poſſible! Dear Faithful *Loverworth*. I'll Inſtantly to my Chamber, diſpatch him an Anſwer, and acquaint him how Affairs

ſtand, [*aſide*] Sir, will you be pleas'd to drink Tea before we go to the Wells.

Rand. Aye, by all Means, Daughter — Sir *William*?

Cheat. I approve the Dear *Belinda*'s Motion but how came it to be a High Church Bird?

Belinda. I fly to do it, Oh Tranſport! [*aſide.* [*Exit.*

Gay. Excellent [*aſide*] — Maiſter us'd to Joke and call'n ſo, becauſe he were always inclin'd to be Lazy, and wo'd no care to Stir or Fight thof 'twere for his own Victuals.

Rand. Ods daggers, the true Spirit of the Party — a Murrain on them for it; but Prithee Fellow, what's thy Maſter?

Gay. Right Maſter, he's Right, he loves Nolle and a Mob at his Heart; S'flesh Maſter made a main Buſtle ith Election.

Cheat. Why had you any ſtir among you?

Gay. Odſ flesh, a terrible Rout; but we carried the Day, thof we had ſeveral of the great Rich Folk dawn amangſt us, and they bid high i'faith, but we told en flat and plain, their ſtrange Money wo'd no go with us.

Rand. Did you Faith! Ods Daggers I'm glad to hear you are ſo Honeſt — but welfare the Bold *Reading* Boys, I ſay, Ods Heart, Sir *William*, if I were not to go Abroad with you, I would run this Inſtant into the Cellar, get as Drunk as a Fiſh, and rail at the Government like a Madman.

Cheat. What without any Cauſe Mr. *Randome*?

Rand.

Rand. Cauſe, Sir *William*! Ods Daggers, can he ſuffering Party ever want a Cauſe. Why, 'm a Free born *Engliſhman*, and I'll be govern'd y no Body but thoſe I like.

Cheat. Why then you may turn Republican, Mr. *Randome*.

Rand. Turn Sir, well, what then Sir? turn any hing rather than turn Whig. Ods Heart, I don't like the Name, not I, therefore I'm ſure it can't be good.

Enter Belinda.

Belind. Sir *William*, the Tea waits.

Rand. Ods ſo *Bell*, why thou haſt made haſte. Sir *William* be pleas'd to lead the Way.

Belind. Has the poor Man found his Hawk yet?

Rand. No, no, he has not been to look for it, he's an Honeſt Tory Boy, and I kept him here in Diſcourſe; but he may go and ſearch now.

Belind. And here's ſomething to encourage his Honeſty. *Gives him a Letter.*

Gay. Thankee, Madam, forſooth, Iſe gi you a good a Word, where Iſe going, Faith. [*Exit.*

Cheat. Adorable *Belinda*, bleſs me with your Hand, wee'll ſip up our Tea, when 'twill be Time to go to the Ball.

Where wee'll in Dancing, paſs the happy Night,
That uſhers in a Day, for my Delight.

Rand. Where whilest you Dance, Od's Heart, Th
(learn by mockin
To caper briskly, when I throw the Stockin

go, go, get you gone
Exeunt Omnes.

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Street before the Wells.

Enter Robin *in* Gaylove's *Cloaths, follow'd by a Mob.*

Mob. HUzzah, Huzzah, Huzzah.

Robin. Ise Squire *Tony*'s Man, *Robin*, *Robin*, why what a Murrain wils ye all ha'? why you are all mad, I trow.

Mob. A Fool, a Fool, a Fool, Huzzah, Huzzah.

Rob. Ise Squire *Tony*'s Man, *Robin*, *Robin*.

Mob. What ſa ye he, he has been a Robbing, very likely Egad; or how the Deel ſhould he come by ſuch a Suit of Cloaths? So therefore, I ſay, ſeize him, ſeize him.

Rob. Why, what a Murrain, d'ye meddle with a Man for? ha, Lookee, letten alone, d'ye ſee, an off your Hands, foregad Ise crark ſome o' your Noddles elſe.

Mob. Seize him, ſeize him.

Rob. Lookee, keep off, d'ye ſee, or Ise letten fly about ſome of ye, foregad, ye are enough to make a Parſon ſwear.

All. Knock him down, knock him down, ſeize him, ſeize him, never mind his Stick, kill him a Dog, kill him.

Rob. Nay then, Safe's the Word —— and ſo have at ye —— There's ſomething for your Coſtard, I'm ſure. I think I have paid your Muns. How don ye like my Crab now, ha?

All. Cloſe in with him, ſurround him, the Dog does Miſchief, ſeize him, ſeize him. Now ye Dogs, what will ye do now? Well, what ſhall we do with him?

First Mob. Duck him Boys, duck him.

Rob. No, I wonnot be duck'd. Lookee, do it at your Peril. Oh! Murder, Murder.

Second Mob. Drag him down to the Ferry, and duck him.

Third Mob. Aye, Aye, ſouſe him into the *Thames*, and let him play at Back Sword with the Fiſhes.

All. Aye, Aye, away with him, away with him, duck him.

Rob. Ah, Murder, Murder, I'ſe Squire *Tony*'s Man, *Robin*, *Robin*, help, help, Murder.

They carry him off.

Enter Loveworth *and* Gaylove.

Love. O! let me worſhip and adore Thee my good Genius; thy proſperous Cunning has reviv'd my drooping Hopes, and rais'd them to the Proſpect of *Elizium*. You muſt excuſe Raptures. 'Twould be too little to ſay, I am all over Joy, this Magick Billet has

Power

Power to charm a Madneſs on me; and as *Dryden* ſays, *There is a Pleaſure in Madneſs, which none, but Madmen know* —— a pleaſing Extravagance. Oh! I could devour thee with Kiſſes. *Kiſſes the Letter.*

Gay. Lunatick Egad: If the Outſide can deſerve ſuch Careſſes, the Inſide muſt be tranſportingly Charming. Prithee, let's ſee it, I ſent it to you the Moment I got Home.

Love. There, I take it, *Gaylove*; and obſerve it: By the Gods, ſhe writes it with more Fire than the Nine *Muſes*.

Gay. And drives you as Mad as a Poet, Ha, ha, ha! But let's ſee, what ſays this Piece of Inchantment: *Conjuro te Diamond.* I believe I had as good Exorciſe it firſt, by the Way of *Defiance*. *Dear Particular*, Gad ſo, Madam makes very free with our Sex. *You are Love worth to all the World beſide; but your Conſtancy renders you worth Love to me. I intend to pay your Merit.* I ſhould think my ſelf no, in deplorable Circumſtances, did I not reſolve to make them, by ſome Means or other. *I ſtrive to Deſpair, nor ſhall I yet lay hold of the Opportunity of diſcovering the Impoſture to my Father. No, I will reſerve that for an Excuſe of what follows, which is to deſire you to prepare a Boat and a Parſon at the Wells to Night, and I'll engage I'll find ſome Opportunity to come Aboard, and tranſport my ſelf to Twitnenham, where you ſhall ſoon find me as Olelia that ſhining Name, than which I have ſtarved from the dareſt Act of* Belinda.

P. S.

Pas. Pray, thank your Friend in my Name; he's a Master of Arts, I'll assure you.

Gay. He's—your Slave's Slave, Madam, I'll assure you.

Love. That touches me then, Gay-love, I'm your Friend, Sir.

Gay. Egad, the Lady does me but Justice *Loveworth*, for I was put beastly to my Trumps, at my Entrance. Tho' I did all I could to disturb her, she stood as unconcern'd as possible, till at last I began to have as indifferent Thoughts of Madam Fortune, as your Worship; and when, Thanks to Invention, I had succeeded, I was at a Stand how to drill the time away, till I had an Answer, but I knew the old Man's Foible, and happily dipp'd upon Politicks. Old *Touchwood*, took Fire, his Zeal flew into a Blaze, and I gon off by the Light on't, Ha, ha, ha!

Love. But you did not argue against him sure?

Gay. No, no, Egad, that had been Death without the Benefit of the Clergy. Book Wretch, he never searches into the Merits of the Cause, like his Name, he does every thing at Randome. But d'ye think of your Invitation?

Love. Yes, and have provided accordingly. I have already secur'd a Terrestial *Charon*, and an Ecclesiastical Pilot, to steer me to the Isle of Love, and was just coming to your Lodgings, to engage your Company to Night.

Gay.

Gay. You must excuse me, Egad; I have a prior Engagement on my Hands. For, you must know, as soon as I got Home, I found a Letter waiting for me, which brought an Invitation from my Female Intelligencer, desiring me to wait at the *Wells*, the Call of a Waterman, who would conduct me to a Boat, and a Lady, who had honour'd her self so far, as to provide a small Entertainment for me at *Twitnham*, and who had chose that Place, as a freer Retreat for Love and Pleasure; with Instructions likewise, to be dress'd as I was Yesterday, which would be describ'd to the Waterman, but now my having chang'd Cloaths with your Bumpkin, renders me incapable of obeying that part of the Summons; my only Remedy therefore, is this, I must e'en trout out, my self for every Waterman, for Egad, I must go *Lovewith*'s Ease will corrupt me else, Faith. If I live much longer here, I shall forget my Privileges, and degenerate into my Primitive Ignorance; but however till my Affair takes Place, *Sir, I am your Servant.*

Love. You are a complaisant Gentleman, *Gayville*, the Women always find you such, or else, you wou'd not surely pursue this Intrigue. S'death, do you consider who, and what she is Man, or are you really possess'd according to your Fears just now? Is she not a Strumpet, a designing Jilt, and would a Man of Sense, run himself into inextricable Mischiefs, to satisfy a foolish Appetite.

Gay.

Gay. Why, there it is now. In this the Difference lies betwixt us two. Your ingrateful Neglect, gives it that opprobrious Term; but my quicker Apprehension, satisfies me, it is the Call of our prime Mother, *Nature*, and thanks Heaven, I have Grace enough to obey her readily.

Love. Euge, Euge, my vigorous Sophister, but you will soon come to own, that the Truth of the Argument rests on my Side.

Gay. By Love and Duty, I should be glad to find it so; for I have hitherto thought, Truth had no Local Residence.

Love. You can't say so of Wit, I'm sure *Gaylove*.

Gay. Right, for *Love* wears the Lord of the Monopoly.

Love. Hold, hold a Truce. There's no more standing against thy Wit, than for thy Arguments. Prithee let's adjourn to the *Wells*, the Company throngs, and methinks I long to refresh my self with a Dish of Fools, Coffee, your precise powder'd Sparks, Coxcombs, whose Ambition is mamma, and Affectation ridiculous, tho' I scorn and loath their Folly, by Heavens, I can't help laughing at it.

Gay. Nay now you grow too *Cynical* Polished *Lovewit*, what ails thee, to dare to ridicule the most polite, most accomplish'd Order of Men? Why, thou might'st as soon expect to succeed with a Lady, after having curs'd her Lap-Dog, as after censuring

suring these obsequious Vassals. For whom do they Patch, do they Paint, do they Comb and Fillet up their Hair in Roses, but for the Ladies? They load their insides with Snuff, and their out-sides with Powder: They move by Rule, and step by Precept, and all to please the Ladies: They screw up their Voices to the shrillest Treble: They doat upon Tea, and applaud strong Waters, but still to please the Ladies.

Love. Right *Gayloue*! They detest every thing that is Manly, but the genteel Accomplishment of Swearing; and to present that more agreeable to the Ears of the Ladies, they coin new Oaths, and melt the old ones into the more polite Forms of *Zauns*, and *Demme*.

Gay. Enough Man. Look out, yonder goes thy Mistress, the fair *Belinda*: *Thisbe* like, first at the Rendevous. Why, by thy dilatory Proceeding, one would think thou wert as frigid as the *Northern* Climes.

Love. Phoo, phoo, you are as false as the new found Longitude. Rather she is the *North*, and I the Needle; see the Power of Attraction, *Je vole, Je vole*, [*Exit.*

Gay. And I'll pursue thee on the Back of *Pegasus*.

Mad War of Love, tho' tracing, yet to fly,
Tho' conquering all, yet to lose Liberty.

Enter

Enter Soufecrown, *leading in* Fainall.

Soufecr. But does you Gull me all this time?

Fain. Why should you think so; were it false, how could I tell you all this?

Soufecr. Nay, S'flesh, that's true too, but what may's me doubt is, that Nether should be private so long; for, aw the Country knaws he can keep nothing to e'nself, but strong Beer and's Money.

Fain. I knew my Father's covetous Temper well, and therefore I offer'd you my Lodgings, that you might be at less Expence, for when your present Cash is gone, I doubt you'll scarce get more.

Soufecr. Why, that's varry true, and varry kind — Nay, I'm apt to believe there is something in't, or else, why should you love me so hugely?

Fain. Right Brother, but only that 'tis natural, I have often been vex'd at my Father's hard Usage of you.

Soufecr. Ecod, Zustur, 'twixt Friends, I wish he were dead, and safe stow'd in the bottom of our Vault. A Murrain on en, he keeps me out of my Right. Ecod, I wonder what these old Men think of themselves for being so troublesome. S'flesh, an he were gone, I could live main Gallant, and Jovially.

Fain. And, but reasonable Brother. My Father forgets his own Youth.

Soufecr.

Squeez. Ay, he forgets ſins he us'd to rob Orchards, and pull the Maids about. Ay, Murrain on en, he forgets ſin he would get Drunk with the Huntſman, and abuſe my Grandfather, ~~Barbara~~ Nay, and as for that, Ecod, I don't ſpare him, I mouth 'en ſightly, whene'se he vexes me.

Fain. Aye, but you carry Matters too far then, Brother *Tony.*

Squeez. S'fleſh, Zuſtun, he is ſuch a provexatious Man —— would you believe it —— he woant, to be ſure, he woant ſo much as allow me a Sixpenny Watch from a Fair, to make Volk believe ——

Fain. He is too hard hearted indeed, Brother.

Squeez. Nay, And what ma's me maddeſt, he woant let me wear the great Silver Buckles my Godfather left me; but there I muſt be dizled with Shoe Strings, and be forc'd to dangle along in a ſhort Coat, that won't reach t'en paſt thick fat, and a little rum Nab, that maes e'se Body laugh at me. Ecod, I'll bear't no longer, that's flat and plain. What? I knaw my State, Iſe nea Child, now; an he doan't like, why he may det it alone, I doan't care ſo I dan't; if he would have had me better, why, when his Hand been in, he ſhould have begot me better.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! You make me laugh Brother *Tony.* But come, forget his Severity, make your ſelf eaſy. While you are at my Lodgings, you ſhall want for nothing;

thing. My dear Aunt's Goodneſs gives me a ſufficient Supply.

Souſcen. Aye, S'fleſh Zuſtur, an I could but go as Gim as you ſeem to be, why, he might live a Hundred Year an'he would; but ſince 'tis as 'tis, Ecod, I ſhould no' care, how ſoon he gave Crow a Pudding.

Lain. Come, come, good Brother be pacified, walk a little farther, and I'll treat you with the pleaſant Diverſion of the Wells: I'll ſtrive all I can to divert you. There I ſhall find Means to give him the Slip, and repair to my Boat. I have ſecur'd his Baggage already; and his Ignorance of the Place, will ſecure my Retreat; for I'll engage, he'll never conjure out the back Stairs. [*aſide.*

Souſcen. Thankee, Zuſtur: Nay, I muſt own you bin a varry gracious and kind Friend tom'a. La you! What Luck had I, that I ſhould lighten on you? But I heard thick were a gallant Place; and ſo, d'ye ſee, reſolv'd to ſee it: And that you ſhould knaw me at firſt Sight, Ecod 'tis ſtrange; but S'fleſh, I'ſe glad on't, for I begin to love you charmingly.

Enter Robin *wet.*

Robin. O Lud! What will become o'me? I'ſe Squire *Tony's* Man, *Robin*, *Robin!*

Souſcen. Oh! Gemini, what do I ſee, is this our *Robin?*

Rob.

Rob. Oh! Maiſter *Tony*, my dear Maiſter! Have I found you again? I am glad on't at my Heart, Oh! Oh! Oh!

Souſcr. Aye, your a fine Fellow indeed! Where ha' you been all this whileſt; What d'ye howl for you Whelpha, where a Murrain did you get theſe gay Cloaths? S'fleſh you are aw wet. Stand off *Robin*, donna hang about one ſo; Ah Gemini!

Fain. A Gemini of Aſſes, indeed! Ha! ha! ha! [*aſide.*

Rob. Oh, my dear Maiſter *Tony*! I'm ſo glad to ſee you, that I could almoſt kiſs your Eyes out. —— But ask me no Queſtions, for as I hope to live and breathe, I believe I am a dead Man. For I have been kick'd, and cuff'd, and cudgell'd, and trim'd wet and dry, as thof, I were, neither Fiſh, Fleſh, nor good red Herring, till I were thrown into this Pickle. Oh! Oh! Oh! I dan't believe, I ſhall live, ſo long; but I'm reſolv'd, I'll go down into *Glaſterſhire*, and tell Sir *Timothy*, ſo I will.

Souſcr. S'light, you're an Oaf! I wan't ſtir an Inch. May hap, I may never go to *Glaſterſhire* again. If I have a Mind for't, and my Zuſtur is willing, d'ye ſee, why, I'll ſtay here.

Rob. Zuſtur! Ah, Maiſter *Tony*, are you mad too? Why, you ha no Zuſtur.

Fain. So, I ſhould be uneaſy now, but that that I believe, I may reſt ſatisfied in the Folly of my Chaps. [*aſide.*

Soufter. You lie Sirrah; and Ile crack your Coxcomb, an you say so again! What, you bin o' Vether's Side, bin you.. mould an' mud Fool, he thought to make an Ass o' me: But see how things wille, wille, will come about; Zuftur has told me the whole Story.

Rob. Oh Lud! Maister *Tony*, send me, where I may put on some dry Cloaths, for I'm almost dead, and therefore do remember nothing: But if ever I come to my self again, fore Gad, I'll tell you all I knaw, —— Oh Lud! Oh Lud! —— Oh! Oh! Oh!

Fain. A lack a Day, poor *Robin*!

Soufter. S'flesh! What knaw ye him too?

Fain. I have heard of him Brother. But *Robin*, d'ye hear, go to yon white House, and enquire for the Lady that lodges there, shift your Cloaths, and come to your Maſter to the *Wells*, where we are going.

Rob. Oh, thanke, forsooth, —— I'll go my ways —— Oh Lud! Oh Lud! I'm a dead Man to be sure. [*Exit.*

Fain. So, I have employ'd him for some time, that he can give me no Interruption; for I'm sure no Body will be able to understand his Enquiry. [*aside.*] Will you, please to walk, Brother?

Soufter. As you like Zuftur, I'll obey you: Thof if it be a joyful Place, I don't care how soon I were in it, for I find myself hugely dispos'd to be frolicksome and merry.

Come

Come along, my dear Zuſtur, come along, For,

Methinks I could as merry be, and Gay,
As Country Wenches, in the Month of May.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *The inſide of the* Wells.

Enter *Randome*, *Cheatly* and *Belinda*.

Cheat. I perceive, Mr. *Randome*, you have a great deal of Company here, and that of all Denominations.

Rand. Yes, yes, Sir *William*; this Place is a little like *Noah's* Ark, holds both the Clean and Unclean; tho' this Night is generally ſet apart for the better ſort of Company, or I had not brought your Honour here.

Cheat. Mr. *Randome*, you're the Pink of Courteſy, and your fair Daughter the Roſe of Beauty.

Belind. Oh, Sir *William*! —

Rand. Ods daggers, Sir *William*, ſhe is my only Stockgilly Flower: ſhe is but ſingle at preſent, but when ſhe's double, ſhe'll be a dear as a Crownation to me.

Cheat. Good now! Who is that Finikin Spark amongſt yon drove of Ladies; he wants but a Trumpet to be taken for an Hermophradite?

Rand. Ho, ho, ho, Sir *William*! Odsprecious, you have hit his Character to a Hair; he is a sort of a Female Man, Sir. Why, he shall harangue you upon the Topick of Pins, Patches, Laces, Edgings, Silks, Gauzes, Crapes, Paduasoys, Fans, Love, Hoods, Snuffs, Teas, Sweets, and Honey Water, Ecod, till you'd wish he were drown'd in't. In short, he is as well skill'd in the Names and Nature of Attire, and the proper fashionable Seasons of wearing it, as e're a Mantua Maker in *England*.

Cheat. He is a very extraordinary Person I must confess; but this Degeneracy of our Youths is modish. I remember, I was one Morning to wait on a Lady, who resided in a House of Lodgings; and being directed up Stairs, I intruded upon the Business of a Toilet, where one of these amphibious Animals was studiously occupied. Egad, I had certainly address'd to him, for the Lady I went to, if he had not that Instant, cry'd out to his Man, *Tom* bring me my Shoes; Gad Dammee, I must mount the Guard to Day.

Rand. Why, aye, Lookee there now; Looker, these are pretty Fellows to command a Company of Men. —— Either 'tis a grand Shame, or else some Folks han't so much Wit as they should, ha'.

Cheat. Ha, ha, ha! Like enough Sir. But what ridiculous Piece of Formality have we there? Is the Woman out of her Senses?

Rand.

Rand. No, no, Sir *William*; but she has too many of her Senses in her, and that's all one. Why, she Sir, is a fine Wit, and 'tis observable, she always walks alone, because she's very much out of Fashion her self, and rails at all those that are in.

Cheat. Why, then I suppose Sir, her Tongue's like a Butcher's Horse, always upon the Gallop.

Rand. Ay, Sir *William*, and as sharp as a Glover's Needle.

Cheat. Or a Sailor after his Fees.

Rand. Very good, Ha, ha, ha! Very good Faith. Ha, ha, ha! Oh Lord, O Lord, Ha, ha, ha! Look, look, at that Poet there, he with the Taylor's Debt upon his Back. Ods heart, he's a dangerous Fellow, Faith.

Cheat. Dangerous! why, he looks like a Taylor's Foreman, or an Officer of the Train Bands very peaceable.

Rand. No matter for that Faith, he's as dangerous as a Country Parson. You shall do nothing, but that Fellow shall tell you of it in his Songs, or his Verses, as the other does in his Sermons. Let's avoid him, let's avoid him; don't let's stay where the Poet is; Come, come along. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Loveworth *and* Gaylove.

Gay. Are you positive she saw you?

Love. Yes, and she gave me a Token with her Fan, that she did so. Oh *Gaylove*, 'tis now I feel the Shock of Love, the

the Criſis of my Fate approaches, the Current of my Hopes ſtands ſtill, and crowding Fears fill up the empty Channel and force me to apprehend, that a ſucceſsful Night would uſher in a ruinous to Morrow.

Gay. Faith, *Loveworth*, I can compare thee to nothing, but a Man Light-headed with a Fever. 'Tis true, thou haſt ſome Lucid Intervals, but thy Relapſes are ſo frequent, as ſcarce to admit of any. For ſhame, Man, rouſe, rouſe; rub thy Brows, awake, and ſee the proſperous Change of thy Fortune. S'death! Why, now thou haſt the Enemy in View, and the Prize is ſet between you, attack, charge Home, rout and bear off the Baggage. If thou art in Love, do ſomething boldly in thy own Defence, and don't foreſtall ill Luck by frivolous Fears.

Love. Thy Arguments *Gaylove*, are the wild Reſult of active *Mercury*; mine, the rational Effects of natural Reaſon. I cannot ſee the villainous Deceiver, and not dread his Succeſs: And the Uncertainty of humane Affairs, aſſure me, that my Fears are not what you account them —— frivolous.

Gay. It muſt be ſo —— *Shakeſpear*, thou judgeſt well; *it is the very Error of the Moon; ſhe comes more near the Earth, than ſhe was wont, and Men run mad on't.* —— But perhaps, I wrong you *Loveworth*? You may have taken up the prudent Reſolution, of waiting calmly the Deciſion of your Fate; and if Deſtiny ſhould aſſign

assign you the Fair *Belinda*, why 'tis so; if not, why, it shall never be said that you were boldly presuming —— ha, ha, ha!

Love. I thank you *Gayloves*, 'tis mighty well ——— a Time may come when I may Retaliate; and by the Sweets of Revenge, I'll stick as close to the Subject, as an *Irishman* to the Pursuit of a great Fortune.

Gay. Ha, ha, ha! or *Spanish Flies* to your Back, my Dear, ha, ha, ha! I'm glad to find you are so much mended. Now you smart at your Blister, there's some Hopes of a Cure, and from thence some Encouragement to serve you. Come, come, employ me, employ me. How resolve you?

Love. Why thus to keep her always in my View; and I beg the Assistance of your Company, that you may upon the first favourable Opportunity, give her Father a Diversion, and so open a Way for our Escape.

Gay. 'Tis done —— you may reckon upon Success if I'm engag'd in't. My Lady *Fortune* and I are as intimate, as my Lord and an Orange Wench. At my first letting into the World indeed, she would have palmed her Daughter, Miss *Fortune*, upon me; but I made so dexterous an Evasion, that Egad, I have been the Old Woman's Favourite ever since.

Love. Ha, ha, ha! my Friend, you are like a Church Steeple on a Birth-day.

Gay. How's that, under your Banner?

Love. No, no, full of Rattle Child —— aloons.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Soulfecrown *and* Fainal.

Soulfecr. Wauns thick ſame is a Gallant Place, a hugeous many of fine Men, all bedawb'd with Gold and Silver; and mun I ere wear ſike fine Cloaths Zuſtur?

Fain, Aye, why not Brother; and learn to do as they do too. Obſerve, that Room there is purpoſely for them to Raffle in; go thither and initiate your ſelf, for I muſt have you to learn to keep Company, to Swear Roar, Game and go among the merry Boys; but firſt give me the Watch you told me you bought at *London*, for fear your Pocket ſhould be pick'd.

Soulfecr. Ods lid, Zuſtur, you are a precious Girl: But I thank you, I wont go now. Ife come another Time for that; noa, noa, I have more Haviours than to leave you ſo ſoon.

Fain. O Brother, there needs no Ceremony among Friends. 'Tis neceſſary you ſhould, and therefore I will have you go, you'l find me on the Walks here.

Soulfecr. Nay Zuſtur, you ſhould know beſt, and I'll be rul'd by you in ery Thing —— Here's Watch Zuſtur. Ife gotten in a cunning Place, faſtned in the Inſide of my Waſtcoat Holes. I were afraid I ſhould loſe en, but thought I, I'll be ſharp enough. Looſe en do Suſtur.

Fain.

Fain. Oh fie, Brother *Tony*, you ſhould have worn it in your Fob Pocket. I'll keep it for you ——— Why, it does not go?

Soufcr. Noa Zuſtur, Iſe tied en in.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! the moſt conſummate Ignoramus, I ever met with —— Ay, but you ſhould have wound it up with the Key ——.

Soufcr. S' fleſh, Zuſtur, 'twere lock'd when I had it, and I nere open'd en ſin.

Fain. Ha, ha, ha! well go, go ——— *Exit Soufcrown.* You'll be wiſer before you have it again. — So I have fobbed him off at laſt, but will make uſe of my Opportunity rather than diſcant on my Dexterity ——— Let me ſee, I muſt now haſten to my Boat, and ſend for my Airy Lover. My poor Brother *Tony*'s Effects are ſafe in Limbo. If I can but make as good an Advantage of my other Spark, I ſhall be indeed as *Cheatly* ſaid, a Match for *Machiavel*; if I do, *London* hoa, to Morrow, where I ſhall be beyond Purſuit —, but now to the Garden Stairs.

SCENE The Dancing Room.

Enter on one Side, Randome, Cheatly, Belinda *and Others. On the other Side,* Loveworth, Gaylove *and Others.*

Rand. Odſo, come, come, let's ſit down, we are a going to have a Dance. Sir *William*, you'll take care of *Bell.*

Cheat.

Char. Of her Body, Sir, as being my own Soul.

Love. We are pretty safe out of the Old Man's Eyes at this Distance. What renders me in a great Measure compos'd, is, that *Belinda* shews no Concern; for I judge from thence, she's resolutely bent upon her Escape.

Gay. And I judge from thence, all the World wont be able to hinder it then.

Here a Dance, near the End of which, enter Soulecrown, *followed by two Sharpers, to be interrupted the Dancers, who draw.*

Souse. Hau! Zuftur, Zuftur. Wauns, what d'ye ye mean! Why my new found Zuftur, hoa.

First Dancer. Zoons Sir, what do you mean?

First Sharper. To cut your Throat, Sir Booby, if you do'nt pay us our Winnings.

Rand. Ods daggers, Sir *William*, why what the Devil have we got here!

Souse. S' flesh, Ise pay ye none, what I murrain, I play'd but in Jest; why Zuftur, Zuftur, where the Deuce are you, Zuftur.

Second Dancer. Damme Sir, why did you interrupt us, I demand Satisfaction.

Second Sharper. Damme Sir, we don'e use to be jested so with, pay us d'ye see, or Bilbo's the Word.

Souse. Wauns, what the Devil ails ye all, Ise nba pay you, I neve saw sike uncivil Volk in my Life. Why Zuftur, why whore my new found Zuftur, where are you.

First.

First. How Sir, not pay a Debt of Honour, Damme, we'll run him through.

Sous. Oh Lord! murder, murder, whore, Sutlur, murder, murder ——— whore. [*Exit.*

Rand. Ods heart, Sir *William*, let's follow them, we shall certainly have murder done else; Ods daggers, let's follow them by all Means.

Belind. Dear, Sir *William*, preserve the Gentleman's Life.

Cheat. He's Immortal if *Belinda* wills it, come along Old *True Penny*. [*Exit Cheatly.*

Gay. S' Death *Loveworth*, now, now, make sure of the Lady, and I'll to my Charge. [*Exit.*

Love. My Life, my Soul, my Joy.

Belind. My Dearest, my *Loveworth*,

Love. Joy of my Soul! art mine! and do I hold thee. Oh vast Extatick Bliss! but come my Love, let us be expeditious, lest thy Father's Return should prevent us; I begun almost to Dispair, he was so attentively Watchful; sure nothing but such a miraculous Accident could have drawn him away.

Love. Thence, let us think, that Heaven approves our Loves, and let its Priest reward them, my Angel, my Bliss, my Treasure? [*Exit.*

Re-enter Randome *and* Cheatly.

Rand. Ods daggers, Sir *William*, why 'twas well we went, there had been a plaguy Piece

of Work else; those Dogs had certainly murder'd the poor Fellow else: Hah, they would Faith! Oh they are sad Dogs these Sharpers are, and inseparable from all Publick Places: They have no more Fear of doing ill, than Desire of doing good; they'll digest you a Murder with more ease than a Dinner, and do you the One for less than you can buy the Other.

Cheat. Right, Mr. *Randome*; and 'tis a Misfortune, that a Genteel Diversion cannot be set up for the Entertainment of the better Sort of Company, but it must be pester'd with such Swarms of these Blood-sucking Insects, Wretches, that are as troublesome as Gnats in the Summer, and Foot Balls in the Winter.

Rand. Aye, and as Old Women at all Times — but we forget *Bell*, Sir *William* — she'll be glad to hear the Man's safe — 'tis a tender hearted Hussy — Ha, ha! where's *Bell* — *Bell* — *Bell* — where the Devil's *Bell* gone; ha, what gone — not to be found, run away with, Oh Lud, Oh Lud, I'm ruin'd, I'm undone, I'm robb'd, and have had my Pocket pick'd.

Cheat. How, Mr. *Randome*, is the Fair *Belinda* missing, S' Death, I'm undone, I'm disappointed, I'm in the utmost Amazement. [*aside.*

All. How, Sir, pray has your Pocket been pick'd, of what Value, Sir?

Rand. Of what Value, Sir; oons of all my Hopes and my Senses, and my Girl, and every

every Thing in the World; and I'm run Mad and Distracted, and I shall never speak a Word of Sense again. Oh Lord, Oh Lord, Oh Lord ——— [*going out is met by* Gaylove.

Gaylove. The Matter, the Matter, Mr. *Random*? you seem disorder'd.

Rand. No, no, I'm very well — I'm only distracted — perfectly well, Sir, only let me come by and I'll run Home, and take my Bed to Night, and dye before to Morrow Morning.

Gayl. Prithee, Mr. *Random*, be persuaded, whither would you go? What can be the mighty Cause of this?

Rand. None at all, Sir; none at all: I've lost my Daughter, that's all — Oons let me come by, Oh Lord, Oh Lord.

Gay. How Sir, lost her, and does not Mr. *Charly* know where she is?

Rand. He — who — He — what d'ye say.

Gay. Mr. *Charly* there does he not know of her?

Rand. Charly, why *Charly* — why you are a bloody impudent Fellow: What a Pox do you think, because I'm in a Passion and a Hurly Burly, that I wont resent an Affront offer'd to my Friend. Ods daggers, but I will, and so d'ye see, Sir, the Gentleman you degrade, is Sir *William Wealthy*, and you'r

a Rakehelly Scoundrel if you contradict it; and what d'ye say to that now, ha, Sir?

Gay. Why, I say Sir, that you are deceiv'd, misled, and cheated by that Villain there, who assumes the Name of Sir *William Wealthy*; and that I can prove him to be no other than *Tom Cheatly*, a notorious Sharper, and not worth a Groat.

Cheat. I'm discover'd, now Impudence be my Bail. [*aside.*

Rand. Ha, ha, Man —— are you sure you know what you say —— ha —— are my Eyes open now, ha?

Gay. A Fellow, that makes it his Business, to impose upon People by borrowed Titles.

Rand. May be so Faith — no, no, its a damn'd Lye, it cannot be so —— why and are you such a sad Dog, ha —— Ods heart, I'm glad my Girl's gone then.

Gay. You have Reason, Mr. *Randome* —— nay Sir, no escaping now —— but could your Daughter be recover'd again, would you shew your Self to an Honourable Man.

Rand. Or may I never escape being cheated again —— why is it really true then he has no thirty thousand Pound —— here's a damn'd Dog then, here's a Rogue for you. Why Sirrah, Sirrah —— I can scarce find in my Heart to believe it.

Gay. You may depend upon't, he is not worth one Stiver; and as for your Daughter, Sir, she's in good Hands, shall soon be forth coming. Give me but Leave first (I see a Constable

Conſtable luckily coming this Way) to ſecure the Gentleman till I have proved my Accuſation.

Enter Conſtable *with* Robin.

Robin. Oh Lud, Oh Lud! he certainly bewitch'd, Maiſter ſaid he wod be here, and Zuſtur wien. Oh Lud, what will become of me, I ſhall certainly be Exported, Oh Lud.

Gay. Mr. Conſtable, I charge you with the Cuſtody of this Perſon.

Conſtable. Yes Sir, help here —— come Fellow, where is thy Maſter?

Rob. Oh Sir, thank Marcy, here he comes.

Enter Souſtecrown.

Souſecr. Why Zuſtur, Zuſtur, my new found Zuſtur, I tell you, where bin you Zuſtur.

Conſt. Sir, I charge you i'th' King's Name.

Souſecr. Ha Wauns, what d'ye mean; la you *Robin*, bin you there then; there's no good comd on't; why what's Matter? ha.

Conſt. Sir, I ſecure you at the Suit of Mrs. *Credulous*, as an Accomplice of the Woman who lately had her Lodgings.

Souſecr. Why aye, ſhe's my Zuſtur, ſhe ſays, an it be her I want: Prithee Goodman, do you know where ſhe bin?

Conſt. No, Sir; but this I know, that ſhe bilk'd the Poor Woman, and has taken away all her Baggage this Afternoon, and that

you are like to be call'd to an Account, if she ben't found.

Souſcer. Wauns ha, Oh Lud, ha she then my Stock too; S' fleſh, Iſe undone, Iſe undone. Oh *Robin*, *Robin*, what mun I do now, Oh, oh, oh!

Rob. Oh, oh, oh! I danna knaw, Sir, for we are undone — Oh S' fleſh, my Mind did miſgive me ſhe were no Zuſtur of your's; but you would no be laid nay: Oh, I oh, oh!

Enter a Waterman, *and pulls* Robin *by the Sleeve.*

Water. Oh that muſt be he then; Sir, Sir, his't, his't?

Robin. Let's alone, will you? Oh, oh, oh!

Water. Sir, Sir, if you pleaſe, a Word with you.

Conſt. What would you have, Neighbour, with this Man?

Water. I would but beg to ſpeak a Word with him, Mr. Conſtable.

Conſt. Whatever it is, ſpeak out, I charge you; he's his Majeſty's Priſoner.

Water. Nay, only that I'm ſent by a Lady in my Boat, at the Back Stairs, and let him know ſhe's ready to put off.

Conſt. Lady, what Lady; adſo, perhaps this may be the Party.

Water. Why Madam that lodges at Dame *Credulous*.

Conſt. Aye, 'tis ſhe, to be ſure — let's go and ſecure her.

Souſcer.

Sonster. What Punk, Whore, Cockatrice, be she found; aye, aye's fleſh, let's go.

All. Aye, aye, away, away, ſecure her.

Exeunt ambo Randome and Gayloue.

Rand. Ods heart aye, why is it true what you tell me —— why are you the Party that loſt the Hawk?

Gay. At your Service, Faith, Mr. *Randome.*

Rand. Ads-daggers, you are an arch Wag, Sirrah, ſo you are: What, and the Reſt is of my *Bell*'s Contrivance? ha, is it —— Odſ's fleſh a cunning Gipſey —— I would ſhe were come, Faith, methinks, I long to wiſh her Joy.

Gay. You ſhould have wiſh'd ſooner, Mr. *Randome*, for ſee they are here.

Enter Loveworth *and* Belinda; *they kneel*

Both. Your Bleſſing, Sir.

Rand. Why, and are you really married?

Gay. Beyond marring, Sir, I can aſſure you: Come, come, Sir, I have bargain'd for your Pardon, therefore no Demurr.

Rand. Well, well, bleſs you, bleſs you; I give you an Armful of Joy; take my Girl.

Love. I'll ſtudy to deſerve her, and the Continuance of your Favour.

Belind.

Belind. You'll excuse my Disobedience, I hope Sir.

Rand. Odds daggers, aye, any Girl, with all my Soul; and to shew thee how much I think my self indebted to your Wit for this narrow Escape, I'll make over all I have in the World to thee to morrow, for fear I should ever fall into a Snare again.

Love. Thus kneeling, let us pay our Thanks. —— *Gaylove*, thou hast out done me in Generosity, hence forth command me.

Gay. What, d'ye forget your Marriage so soon? —— Petticoat Government, now Man, Ha, ha, ha!

Belind. But without passive Obedience, and Non-Resistance, I assure you, Sir.

Rand. Well said, *Bell*, Ho, ho, ho!

Enter Constable, &c. with Fainall.

Const. Come, bring them along Neighbours.

Fain. A Curse upon Chance, to be so damnably unfortunate on both Sides *Cheatly*!

Sanster. Come along, Whore, Jilt, Cheat, Devil; Wauns, I could find in my Heart to thump you; you would a bin my Master, with a Pox.

Gay. Hey dey, What are you in *Limbo*? I may go whistle for my Treat. S'death! Why do you not stay?

Fain.

Fain. Damme, Sir, do you inſult me, I'll be the Death on you.

Rob. Aye, you wou'd have couſin'd Maiſter *Tony*, and you knew *Robin* too. A Murrain on you, go along, go.

Fain. Good Brutes keep off from me; a Curſe on the ſtupid Wretch that has diſcover'd me! He might have known an Aſs, tho' in a Lion's Skin. ——— Well, 'tis ſome Comfort however, that I ſhan't lye long in *Newgate*; they know me too well to keep me there. [*aſide.*] What doſt droop, *Cheatly*?

Cheat. No, Faith 'tis no wedded Life.

Love. Say you ſo, Sir, but we will take better Care. Mr. Conſtable, let them ſleep in the Round-Houſe to Night, and I'll engage a Magiſtrate to diſpoſe of them to morrow ſafer; away with them.

All. Ay, ay, away with them.

Rand. Sir, you ſhall ſup with us; tho' we'll defer keeping the Nuptials till to morrow.

Gay. I wait on you, Sir.

Love. Well, *Gayleſs*, art thou any thing reclaim'd yet? Is there any Hopes of returning you your Complement of Joy?

Gay. Try firſt, and tell me how you like your Sample,
For nothing ſways with me like good Example.

Love. May all like me, a juſt Devotion prove,
And thirſt to taſte the ſacred Springs of Love.

By

Rancour. By Heav'n I dare not, let all Parents know,
That one rash Deed entails forever Woe;
Let Children then duly bounden Duty make,
Nor wed against Consent, just for Love's sake.
By Love you're bound — But still, if Gold you prize,
Be sure you're certain, where this Metal lies;
Learn, all's not so, that glitters by what's past,
Many a Man by such Bait has been CAUGHT LAST.

FINIS

EPILOGUE,

By a GENT.

Spoken by Mr. *PENKETHMAN.*

IS not our Poet here, — a ſilly Rogue,
To ſend me on — to ſpeak his Epilogue?
He expects, perhaps, I ſhould excuſe his Play,
Why how the Devil ſhould I know — what to ſay?
A proper Man to chuſe in his Defence,
Why all the World knows, I could nere ſpeak Senſe.
He ſhould have choſe for's Advocate, a Woman,
For they have always ſomething — that is common
On theſe Occaſions, which diſpleaſes no Man.
They'd ſimper, and ſmile, and leer upon ye,
But nere leave toying it, till they had won ye.
But ſince the Boy within there is ſo ſilly,
On ſuch an Errand for to ſend — Old Billy;
I'll tell you what, — I think the only Way,
That you can take to ſhow you like his Play,
Is to clap now, — and come another Day.

EPILOGUE,

By a GENTLEMAN.

Spoken by Mr. PENKETHMAN.

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